When The Moment Comes

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When The Moment Comes

by TigerPrawn

Summary

> ”When the moment comes, will you do what needs to be done?”
> The moment never comes.

Notes

> Note: Not actually relevant to this story, but in my head this is set in the same 'verse as Willing/Wanting

when the moment comes

”When the moment comes, will you do what needs to be done?”

The moment never comes.

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”We could disappear now. Tonight. Feed your dogs, leave a note for Alana and never see her or Jack again. Almost polite.”

“Then this would be our last supper.”

“Of this life. I'll serve lamb.”

“Sacrificial.”

“I don't need a sacrifice, do you?”

“I need him to know. If I confess to Jack Crawford right now...“

“I would forgive you. If Jack were to tell you all is forgiven, would you accept his forgiveness?”

“Jack isn't offering forgiveness. He wants... Justice. He wants to see you, see who you are. See what I've become. He wants the truth.”

“To the truth, then. And all its consequences.” Hannibal smiled, his thoughts going to Abigail.

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“Hello?”

“I fed the dogs.” Will said the words quietly down the phone.

“Will,” Hannibal’s reply was breathless and then the line went dead.

Hannibal set down the knife he’d been using to prepare dinner, and looked up to where Abigail sat at the kitchen counter.

Her expression asked everything and he tried to reassure her with a smile that he hardly dared believe himself.

“Will is coming with us.” He said the words aloud and hoped that it didn’t break reality.

Abigail cocked her head, confusion but a smile there all the same. “Are we going? Now?”

“Go upstairs and pack, we’ll leave shortly.” He told her calmly and coolly. Her lips tweaked into a smile as she nodded and left the room.

They had planned to leave the night of their dinner with Jack, only a few days away. And that was when he would know for sure, as he so dearly wanted to believe, that Will was his man, not Jack’s.

Apparently he already had his answer. His chest tightened for just a moment before he reined in control and composed himself.

Hannibal looked at the food. Not yet cooked otherwise he might have considered wrapping it up and taking it with them. Instead he turned off the oven, set aside the food and thought about starting anew.

*

It was set in motion by chance.

The chance of a student stopping Will after class with a question. The chance that, on this occasion he didn’t just fob them off with office hours, but stopped to answer.

A chance conversation at Quantico, that he would not have overheard if he had not been late.

Murmurings that Jack had been put on compassionate leave only hours earlier and Kade Prurnell had begun going through his files to reassign cases. It was common, if politely whispered, knowledge that Jack’s wife was sick. The murmurs were of concern and curiosity.

Will knew better. This wasn’t because Bella was sick.

What Jack had been planning, what *they* had been planning, was something they’d been able to easily justify to themselves. That *moment* that was inevitability to come. The moment where Will would be Jack’s man and do what he needed to do to end the Ripper.

To others? It was more easily a case of entrapment at best. At worst, there was Randall Tier, what Will had done… He shuddered at the thought of it. Not revulsion, as it should have been, but a thrill he couldn’t admit to.

Will let out a shaky breath and started home. He needed to call Hannibal, needed to warn him, because. Because.

He was Hannibal’s man. He knew that now. He could be nothing else, no one else.

There would be no moment to come.

By the time Will pulled up in front of his house, it felt like seconds and hours had passed. He had no idea how long it would take for Prurnell to come for them, because surely she would. He had no idea how much she already knew or suspected in order to set that in motion.

On his way to his front door Will pulled out his phone and started to dial the number. Slow, hesitant. A show of hesitance. Wanting to give himself a moment to change his mind. Or at

least pretend he might.

Will opened the front door and the dogs dashed out.

He'd feed them outside. Let them roam free until someone found them when they came looking for him.

Will pressed the dial button as he walked into the kitchen and began pulling out their food, phone in the crook of his neck until finally Hannibal picked up.

"I fed the dogs," Will said the words quickly, before he could say anything else.

Hannibal's response was breathless. Then Will ended the call.

He had set his own series of events in motion now. No going back.

Ten minutes later, the dogs were fed and a bag was packed.

Will stood looking out the window, watching the dogs play. A pang of regret, tinged with a hope that they would be cared for. They would leave that note for Alana. She would ensure they were taken care of.

He was in limbo for a moment.

He couldn't go to Hannibal's. He couldn't stay here.

Will's phone alert sounded and he held it up to read. A message from Hannibal.

Simply an address.

Will frowned, then blinked. It was in state though far enough out. Still a bit of a drive.

Will sucked in a breath and then walked out to the car, leaving his front door unlocked and knowing he would never return.

*

When Will arrived at the address he found it was a striking and secluded house on the edge of a bluff.

Hannibal's car was already there. Will pulled alongside it and stopped his engine. Both hands on the wheel as he sat there. The last chance. One last chance to pretend he might do something other than run away with Hannibal Lecter.

As he stepped out of the car, the front door opened.

Hannibal stood there, his smile hesitant, as though not trusting Will to truly be there until he was inside the house. The safety of this safe house. Before they moved on to who knows where.

Will felt his heart jump at the thought. Whatever this was between them, whatever he hadn't yet found a name for, it was becoming something else now.

This was it. This was the line he was about to cross.

From criminologist to criminal. From friend to… something else. Something beyond that.

"Come in, Will." Hannibal murmured, low and rich.

It felt like the first time Will had heard his voice in years. Or maybe the first time he'd ever truly heard him. He sounded different. And Will could see it, see the remnants of the facade that he kept up falling away.

He had always seen past it in a way others had not, Hannibal had been unable to stop him. But now Hannibal had dropped what remained. Letting Will see him in his entirety.

Will took in a shaky breath and gave a slight smile, a slight nod.

"My bag is in the car," Will found himself saying. Wanting Hannibal to know that he had chosen this path and was ready to navigate it together.

Hannibal's smile widened then and he stepped aside and let Will come in.

The house was very Hannibal but in a different way to his house in Baltimore, and Will couldn't help but like it.

Not just the aesthetic, but also because it was removed from who they had been in Baltimore. He wasn't going to fool himself into thinking either of them were different people. Or that Hannibal had not done the things he had. But in that secluded place on the edge of the sea, it all felt like a lifetime ago rather than mere hours.

It was wrong, Will knew that. To forget everything that had come before. But he also knew that he had to, even if he didn't forgive. He'd had to forget, and live with that.

Though apparently not everything required forgiveness.

"Abigail?" Will's voice quivered as he spoke. As he looked at the young woman stood in the centre of the room before him. "Abigail…"

Will heard the door close behind him as though it was in some far off place. Hannibal's feet softly padding towards him as he stood there, frozen.

Abigail smiled at him, then past him, and Hannibal's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Time did reverse, the teacup that I shattered did come together. A place was made for Abigail in your world. A place was made for all of us. Together. Fate and circumstance have returned us to this moment. When the teacup shatters." Hannibal purred the words gently, and Will felt them wash over him. The intent clear there, that whatever was to happen next was up to Will.

Abigail.

Everything felt dreamlike. As had so many days leading up to this.

Plotting with Jack. Burning Hannibal's notes. Talking with Freddie.

Don't write about Abigail, let her rest in peace.

Will let out an anguished sound and Abigail frowned, taking one step forward before stopping and looking to Hannibal again.

"Are you alright, Will?" Hannibal asked, coming around in front of him, though his hand still held Will's shoulder. Giving him a comforting squeeze.

"You… you hid this from me. All this time, Abigail was..."

"I did. I hope you can understand why."

Will shook his head. He wanted to say he didn't, but that was the whole point wasn't it? He almost exactly understood why Hannibal did anything and everything he did, even if he didn't agree with it.

"We should go," Abigail chimed in, quiet but firm.

Will looked back to her and saw something there. A hesitation. Not because of Hannibal or the situation, but because of him. Was she worried he was going to betray them? That he had led Jack there, as Jack would have wished?

Will was reminded of the fact, from her furtive glances to this question, that she wasn't the Abigail in his head. He and the real Abigail had never gotten as close as that, as close as he did with the idea of her. Unlike she and Hannibal. And he wanted that, he wanted to have everything Hannibal was offering.

We are her fathers now.

"Where are we going?" Will asked softly.

"France." Hannibal replied, "Paris first. And there we will buy time whilst I make further arrangements for us."

Will blinked and nodded. Hannibal released his grasp and went to the table, picking up a thick envelope and pouring out the contents.

He handed Will the passports, as though that explained everything.

Will guessed it did.

He opened them and saw their photos, but not their names.

Andrej Jakov
Florence Jakov
Samuel Brown

Of course, they were on the run. Of course, Hannibal had preemptively acquired fake documents for them all.

For them *all*. Will's heart ached.

He had left this all too late and he could only imagine what might have been had he admitted to himself sooner that this was the way it was always going to go. How much pain it might have saved if they hadn't played these games.

The thought of what ifs filled his mind. What if... before Abigail had *died*? Before he had pointed the finger at Hannibal? Before people had believed him? The three of them could have just left.

It didn't matter now. There was no doing over. The teacup had been shattered and now it was back together at this point and no other, that was what mattered.

As though reading his mind, Hannibal spoke. "I suspect that our friends at the FBI will have flagged ours, as persons of interest at the very least."

Will nodded. That much would be true. They would both be wanted for questioning one way or the other. Without Jack's protection, Will was hard pressed to see how he wouldn't be charged with Tier's murder even if they couldn't pin anything on Hannibal.

"We have everything we need," Hannibal said, taking the passports back from Will and holding out his hand to Abigail. "It's time to head to the airport."

Abigail's smile lit up the room and made Will's heart soar.

*

They sat in first class.

Of course they did. Hannibal mused, a smile on his lips at that and the look of exasperated consternation Will had given him when they checked in.

And not because Hannibal needed such luxury. He certainly had gone many years in his life without. No. there was simply something delightful about the flaunt in it.

New passports had been a necessity, but now they travelled in luxury as though they had no care in the world. And soon they wouldn't. Soon they would be in Paris.

The small apartment he had there under another name altogether, would suffice them until he could make further plans. Perhaps they might travel a little.

The idea of taking Will and Abigail to Florence was enticing. It was the place where he had become a man, the place where part of him would always reside. A place he wanted to share

with them. With his family.

After that?

It might be sensible to stay within countries with no extradition treaty with the US. But the truth was, without proof, without evidence, he was no more than a person of interest. Will on the other hand, had murdered Randall and displayed him as a love note… Perhaps a case could be made for coercion by an obsessed Jack Crawford? Hannibal was sure it wouldn't take much money to have a medical professional claim that Will still wasn't entirely of sound mind since the encephalitis.

"Jus d'orange, eau, champagne," the flight attendant made her way through the cabin and Hannibal stopped her for some champagne. He looked over to see, across the aisle, Abigail was already asleep. And Will sat looking out the window on his other side, shaking his head when offered, without turning to look.

Hannibal smiled at the young woman and took two glasses of champagne nonetheless, setting one on Will's tray table.

Will turned in his chair, looking at the drink and then up at Hannibal.

"Are we celebrating?"

He recognised the reprimand there and let his mouth curve into a gentle smile.

"We are free men, is that not something to celebrate. And with Abigail here with us, all the more so."

Will's eyes flicked over to Abigail and his expression eased into something fond. He let out a sigh before turning back to Hannibal.

"Sorry. I- I guess I just got so used to trying to fight this. To deny it."

Hannibal swallowed and his breathing halted as Will took hold of his hand. Sliding their palms together and lacing their fingers.

"I wanted to run away with you," Will said quietly.

"And you have, Will."

"I have." Will's reply was solemn.

"Are you having regrets?" Hannibal didn't want to ask, but was compelled to.

Will let out a heavy sigh. "Yes, no. Not this. Not being here with you. But I… I regret not doing it sooner. I regret-" Will stopped and turned an intense gaze upon Hannibal. "You know I betrayed you."

"I do." Hannibal replied.

Will was quiet for a moment, pensive.

“You knew it was Tier, the meat,” Will assumed.

“I didn’t. I had no reason to believe that the feast you provided was any less than you’d said.”

“Then-”

“I could smell her, Will. That night when I suggested we run away together, I could smell Freddie Lounds on you.” Hannibal kept the pain from his voice. Because there was pain. He couldn’t even pretend that it was humiliation over being so fooled. No, it was pain that Will had worked against him. He let a smile spread across his lips, “But you’re here now. Unless you and Jack are still trying to entrap me, in which case I congratulate you on your long game.”

Will huffed a chuckle but his slight smile didn’t reach his eyes.

“Am I going to wake one day to find you carving me up for my rudeness?” Will’s tone was jovial but the question was serious.

“I can’t pretend I wasn’t hurt,” Hannibal muttered.

“Ha!” At that Will let out a hearty sound and began to shake with silent laughter. “This is ridiculous. I apologise for plotting against you, for pretending Freddie was dead. And *you’re* hurt.” His words were low enough for only Hannibal to hear and it wasn’t lost on him that there was no way either of them could escalate this in their current situation.

“Wouldn’t you have been?” Hannibal asked, a tease.

Will chuckled and shook his head, “I was Hannibal. I was hurt every time you betrayed me. I should have learned my lesson the first time.”

“Oh?” Hannibal asked, perversely enjoying that anyone actually overhearing this might think they were a couple plagued by mutual infidelities.

“You helped Abigail with Nick Boyle and never told me.” Will growled.

“Hmm,” Hannibal hummed his amusement and relaxed back in his chair. “So telling even then. When you learned what had happened you weren’t shocked. You weren’t horrified. You were simply upset that I hadn’t told you about it.”

Hannibal enjoyed the way Will’s jaw clenched.

“I suppose then, I could ask you, Will. Is there a chance that I might wake one day to find you standing over me with a knife?”

Will let out a deep breath and relaxed back in his own chair, though at an angle to still see Hannibal. “It feels like it would be counterproductive. Haven’t we done enough to each

other?”

“Ah. Even stevens then.” Hannibal nodded.

“A clean slate,” Will agreed. He paused for a moment and a small but genuine smile spread over his lips. “Besides, the world is more interesting with you in it.”

Hannibal’s own mouth tweaked up into a smile that he knew betrayed his complete adoration. They gazed at each other for a moment. A long moment, during which Hannibal hadn’t even been conscious of his own movements until he had moved forward and leaned into Will’s space.

He pressed his own mouth against Will’s, noting the hitch in Will’s breath.

Even so, he was prepared to pull away. He would not risk whatever balance was settling between them and how that might play out. But Will hesitated only a moment before his lips parted and they both trembled as the kiss deepened.

The champagne was forgotten as Hannibal cupped Will’s cheek, holding him gently as they continued to explore each other. The flight felt endless as they gazed at each other, nuzzled, kissed again. And eventually fell asleep.

The moment never came.

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